West Wind Drift

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water on her.

"Every time he came home from church, that red-headed harridan would open up on him with such a string of vituperation that he had to hold his ears so's not to forget himself and backslide. Well, it got so that Bob couldn't live with her any longer.

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"She sinsply wouldn't puritanize. The rearest he ever got her to saying 'good' was when she said it with only one 'o,' and then as a prefix to 'dammit.' So he decided the only way to reform her was to murder her. She managed to nip a piece out of his hand while he was doing it, however, and he's had the hump all day because he fell from grace and said something he'd oughtn't to. Yes, sir: we're a queer mess of Puritans. Look at us. Catholics. Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodista, Jews, infideis. Theosophiste—even Christian Scientists—all rolled up into one big bundle labeled 'Handle with Prayer.' We know nearly all the Ten-Commandments by heart, and the Beatitudes flow from us in torrents. My wife was saying only the other night that if Sheriff Shay didn't arrest that bird for using profane language, she'd start a petition to have.—Hello, Soapy! I didn't know you were present."

"What was she going to do?" demanded the shoriff of Trigger Island. There's no use telling you now. It's too late. Polly has gone to a place I don't dare mention, so what's the use talking about 1?"

what was site going to do?" desanded the sheriff of Trigger Island.

"There's no use telling you now. It's too late. Polly has gone to a place I don't dare mention, so what's the use liking about it?"

"I can't go 'round pinchin' fallen arrots," growled Scapy, "Besides, I'nt the feller that is arred her most of the place of the like and the state of the large of the like and the state of the large of the like and the state of the large of the like and the large of the

re kept exceedingly busy for a numr of weeks.
The "state." guided by the newly
steed chief justice, extracted vows
en more severe than those incorpored in the marriage service. And yet,
spite the emphatic declarations of cera candidates—principally male—there
mained in the minds of all—including
ides—a lingering doubt. On the other
and, several ardent and undoubtedly
nest gentlemen were unable to marry
e objects of their affetion for the
nple reason that too many people were
le to recall the lamentations of the
ides themselves, in the early days
ien it was customary to suffer because
the suspense and agony their poor
sbands were enduring at home.
The case of Joe Hooker and Matilda
irson was particularly distressing, and
imately led to the passage of a ratner
astic law by the council. Judge Mais was the father of this law. It proled for the automatic annulment of
previous marriages at the expiration
two years—provided, however, the
sent husband or wife didn't turn up
contest the matter. This law also
and dabolute freedom to the absent
shand or wife, who was thereby auorized to remarry without further noscared Randolph Fitts, a perfectly
it and equable law, and would no
but ease the minds of quite a number
people in far-off lands—if they ever
ard of it.
Joe and Matilda had been married

eople in far-off lands—if they ever d of it.

d of it.

d of it.

e and Matilda had been married it two months when, in the thick is consubial row, he demanded her port. He even went so far as to aten her with his if she didn't prosit at once. Matilda's temper was allder than Joe's. She not only dug her passport but a marriage certifias well, while all he could show a passport. It was a very unfortie contratemps, in view of the fact they shortly afterward kissed and de up." It so happened that there e quite a number of witnesses to the nting of these damaging documents, as Trigger Island was then in the stages of a religious upheaval, it impossible to overlook this definite kance of iniquity. Despite the relations of the chagrined couple—and, but he definite was brought before the matter was brought before the small of justice. Chief Justice Mase was equal to the emergency. In-

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Whe cry that awoke them, and from the time on there was no such word and in the lexicon of Trigger Jaland.
Silvotly, laboriously out of the asher rose a new hull, a "stancher one than its ill-fated predecessor. The year wasted in the building of the first ship was lamented but not mourned. Cheerfniness, even optimism, prevailed throughout the village. Or omain, no woman took the form of stotelem, and the world the village. Or omain, no woman took the form of stotelem, and they were a continued to spin. There was even greated with a strange deriel on by those who continued to spin. There was even greated with a strange deriel on by those who continued to spin. There had not the property of the spin of the spin

piant here when I get the bed fixed. Socrates—he was the best horse I ever straddled—he was a sorrel. I took him down the—"

"As far as you've got, Buck, it looks more like a dachshund than a horse," observed Percival.

Buck eyed his work deprecatingly. "That's because there ain't space enough. I had to either saw his legs off or else have him layin' down. Minnie had him kneelin' in her first sketch, but gosh, it was the funniest thing you ever saw. It ain't possible for a horse to kneel with his hind legs, but she had him doin' it all right—kneeling forward, at that, with his tail stickin' straight up so's it would not be in the way of his heels.

"It's all Jack Wales' fault. He simply would put that blamed sundial of his right in the middle of this plot—and these deggoned grayel walks running every which way give me the blind-staggers. Why, A. A., you got more gravel walks here than they've got in Central Park. And all these scrubby hedges, stone walls, fountains, flower beds, cedar freaks—my God. Perce. I'd hate to come home a little squiffed if I lived in the house of yours—specially at night. Look at old Pedro and Philippa over there, setting out that stuff that looks like sparrowgrass. And that prize job of Ed Keller's—my God. A. A., what good is a deg kennel on this island? There ain't a dog inside 1000 miles. The only one we ever had was that poolle old Mrs. Velasoo had, and it died before—"

"That isn't a kennel, Buck."

"It's a Swiss chalet"

"What does Ed Keller know about Swiss chalets?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing, Buck," admitted Percival forcibly.

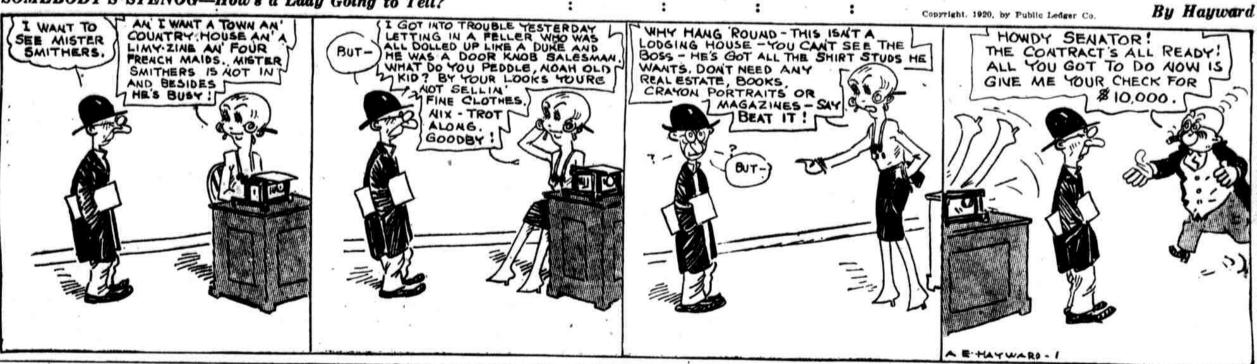
A tall, perfectly straight flagpole graced the extensive "front yard," and from its peak floated the flag of Trigger Island—a great white pennon with a red heart in the center, symbolic of love, courage, fidelity. But on the tip of Split mountain the sister and Stripes still waves from aunirise to sunset.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE GUMPS-Yes, Yes, Go On By Sidney Smith WE USE ABOUT \$300 W WORTH OF WELL- I SEE THE CORY OF AUTOMOBILES ARE GOING DOWN THAT'S A HICE SAVING OF \$68.5 CLOTHING A YEAR - SAVE 10% ON THAT -LINNO'S GOING DOWN-BUT I CANY BUY ONE SO ! A YEAR -SHOES PROPPED ABOUT A THAT'S \$3088 - SUGAR-LOOK AT SUGAR-AND ALONG COMES THE JUST BREAK EVEN THERE -LANDLORD AND RAISES MY RENT POLLAR AGAIN - WE USE ABOUT PROPPED 10 4 A POUND - WE VET ABOUT AND ON THE OTHER LITTLE S PAIRE A YEAR - THAT'S \$34 50 POUNDE A YEAR - THAT'S \$5.50 THINGS WE VEE I SUPPOSE YEAR - OH YES - WE'LL SAVE A LOT OF MONEY THIS YEAR EAVED THERE WE SAVE ABOUT #3022

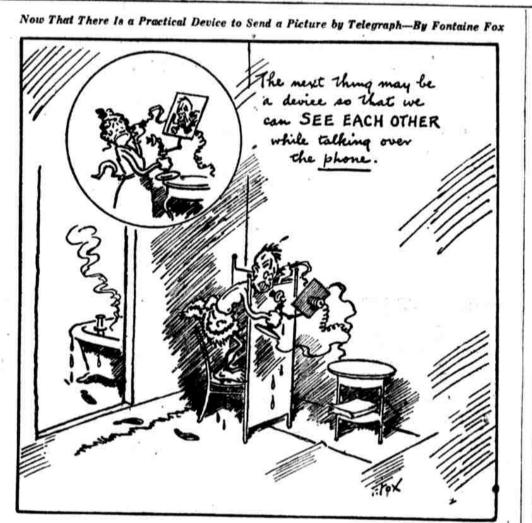
SOMEBODY'S STENOG-How's a Lady Going to Tell?



The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she doesn't see why we can't vote directly for president and vice president and dispense with the editorial college.



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG DARK LAHTERMI FOOTPRINTS ON THE BILL GOES TO BED ? SANDS OF TIME AT 8:30 PM STEPT OFF BY EMPARO JORDAY



THE CLANCY KIDS-Tut! Tut! None of That on This Paper

